CREATURE SONGS

Words and Music by

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

Illustrated by PETER NEWELL

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

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Words and Music by Louise Ayres Garnett

Illustrated by Peter Newell

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To Kitty Cheatham — bless her heart!
And other Children dear,
I offer all these Animals,
Unsmitten by a fear;

For if you treat them with respect,
Your manners most polite,
And sing of them with due restraint,
The Creatures will not bite.

Whenever Bow-wows jump about
And make their tails go wiggle,

It means they've seen a funny sight
For that's the way they giggle.

Rigmarole

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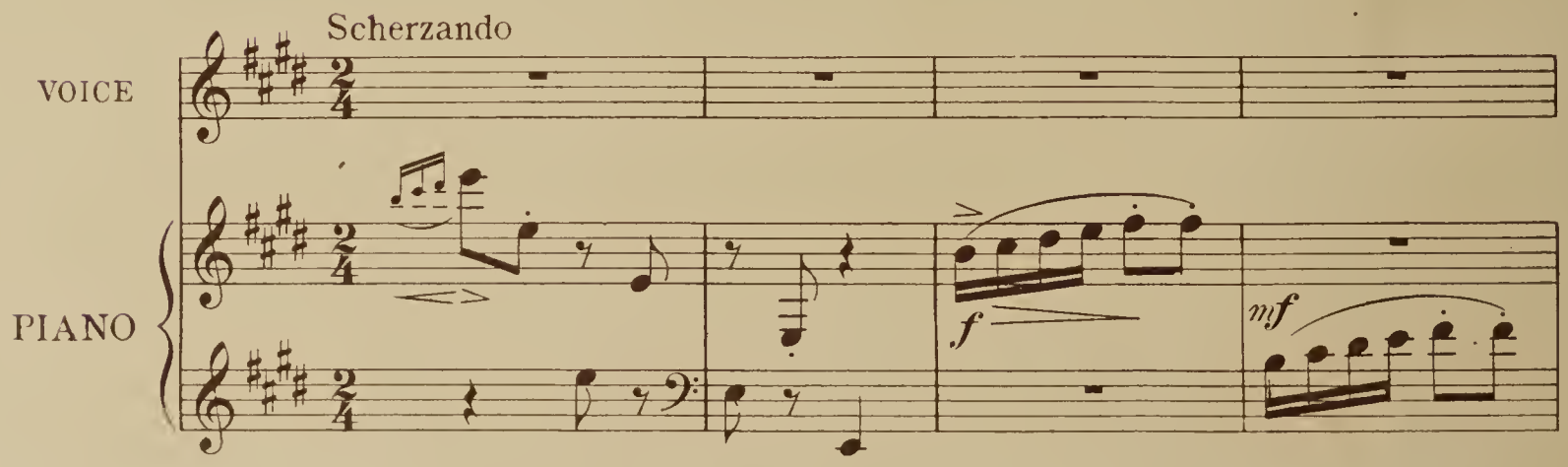
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5-92-69341-29

1. When - ev - er Bow - wows
2. I think the Cow is
3. If I should be an

mf

jump a - bout And make their tails go wig - gle, It
ver - y kind, She gives us cream and milk; Her
El - e - phant 'Twould fill me with de - jec - tion. I'd

means they've seen a fun - ny sight, For that's the way,
coat is nice and spot - ted, And her moo is soft,
not en - joy so long a nose, Or such a dark,

For that's the way they gig - gle. I've
Her moo is soft as silk. I
Or such a dark com - plex - ion. I'd

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heard a - bout, but nev - er seen, The no - ble U - ni -
won - der if the Rock - ing - horse Is glad it's made of
hate to be an An - gle - worm; He has no feet at

corn. It must be fond of mu - sic as I'm
wood. It's nev - er hun - gry, nev - er tired But,
all, And I've a pair of red - top boots That

told it has a horn. The Ze - bra must love mu - sic too, And
oh, it's al - ways good! The Tur - key's an un - self - ish bird; He
squeak and stand up tall. I think the Hip - po - pot - a - mus Was

yet to me, a child,— It seems as if so
eats un - til he's fat - ter, Then nev - er grum - bles
most un - kind to get— So long a name, when

allargando

allargando

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rit.

ma - ny bands Would near - ly drive me wild!
when at last He lies up - on the plat - ter.
oth - er beasts Must use the al - pha - bet!

rit.

p a tempo *accel.*

The Roos - ter is quite vain, I think; He acts too much at
I think some folk are ver - y queer: My aunt is scared of
My Fa - ther calls me "lit - tle Goose" But why I can - not

rit.

mf a tempo

home, And though he has no hair at all He al - ways wears,
mice, And yet she wears a big brown Rat To make her hair,
see, As all the Geese I know a - bout Don't look a bit,

1.& 2. 3.

D.C.

He al - ways wears a comb.
To make her hair look nice.
Don't look a bit like me.

scherzando

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The Quadruped is just a beast
With legs at north west, south and east.

Perhaps he longs to have some more,
And yet he seems content with four.

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Four Paws

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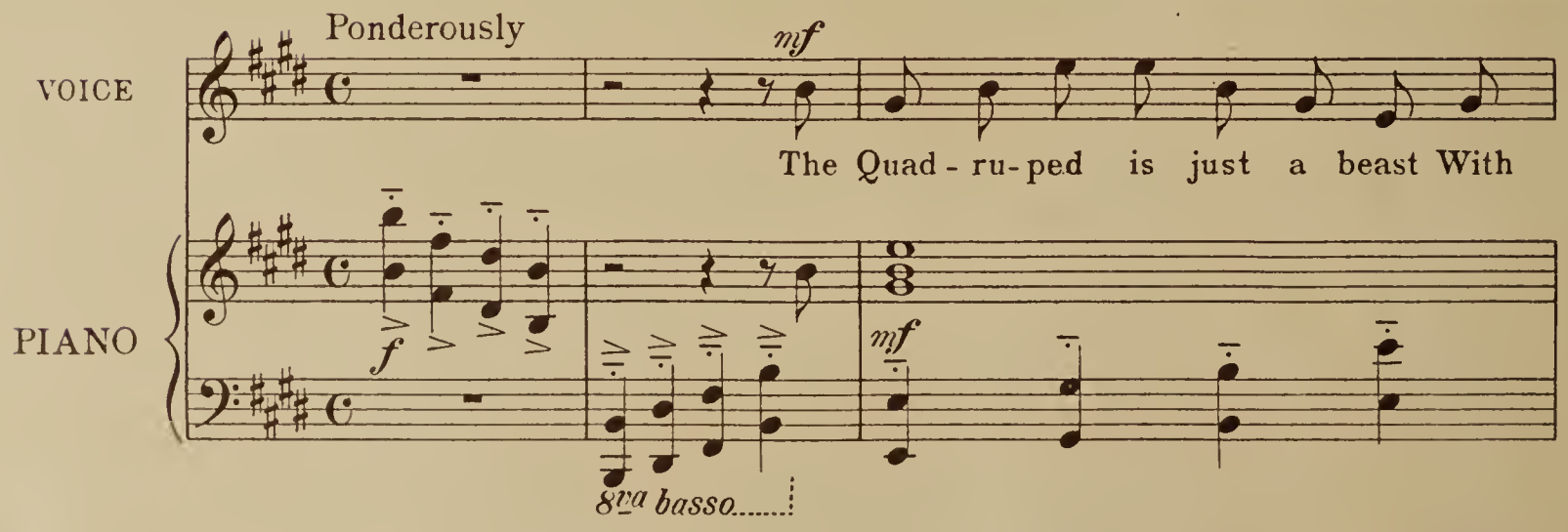
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legs at north, west, south and east. Per - haps he longs to have some more, And

yet he seems con - tent with four.

mf

The Bi - ped has a sor - ry lot For

f

mf

on - ly two legs has he got. He feels a - shamed and hangs his head When -

e'er he meets the Quad - ru - ped.

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"My name rhymes exactly with laff,
But I must call it laugh,

And I can't say Giraugh,
So my wits are too worried by haff.

The Poetic Giraffe

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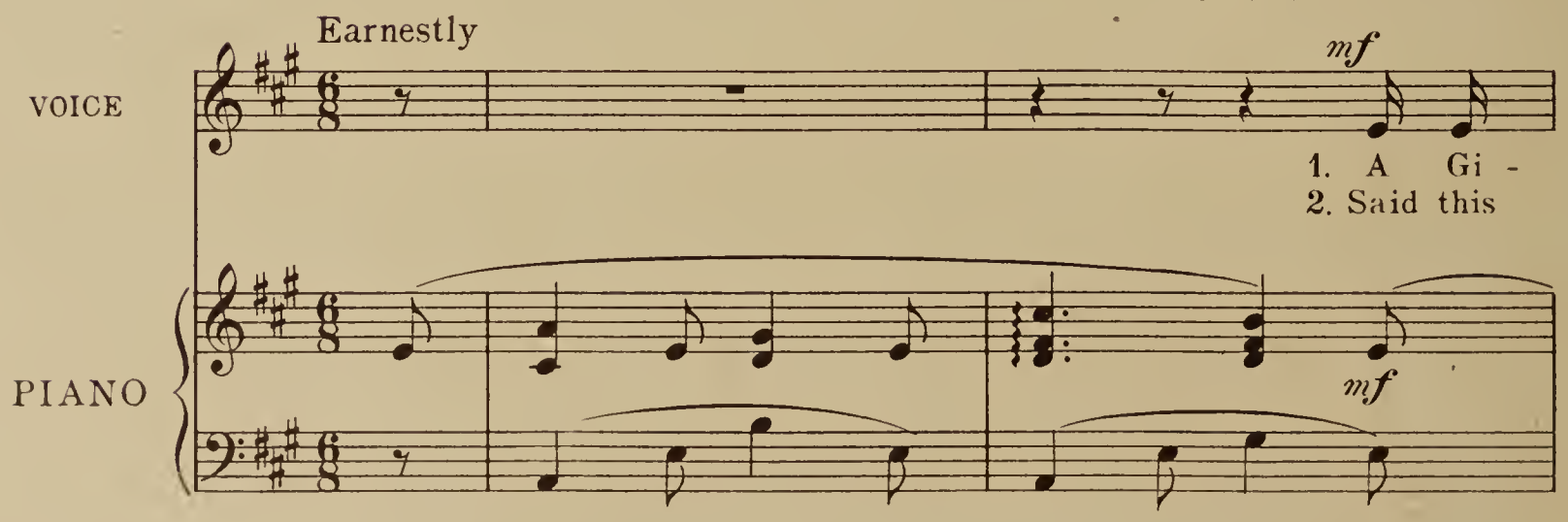
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raffe that made ver- ses of note ___ And hoped to be famed as a
ver - y Po - et - ic Gi - raffe, ___ "My name rhymes ex - act - ly with

po't, ___ Said, "La - ryn-geal wheez-es And gar- gles and sneez - es Are
'laff' ___ But I must call it 'laugh' And I can't say 'Gi - raugh', So my

hurriedly (2d verse only)

treats for my tu - bu - lar, ten - u - ous throat."
wits are too wor - ried by haff, I mean 'half'."

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Hush, I' ll tell you something if you promise not to speak!

Oh, once he hopped from Nowhere to the Middle of Next Week.

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The Hop-toad

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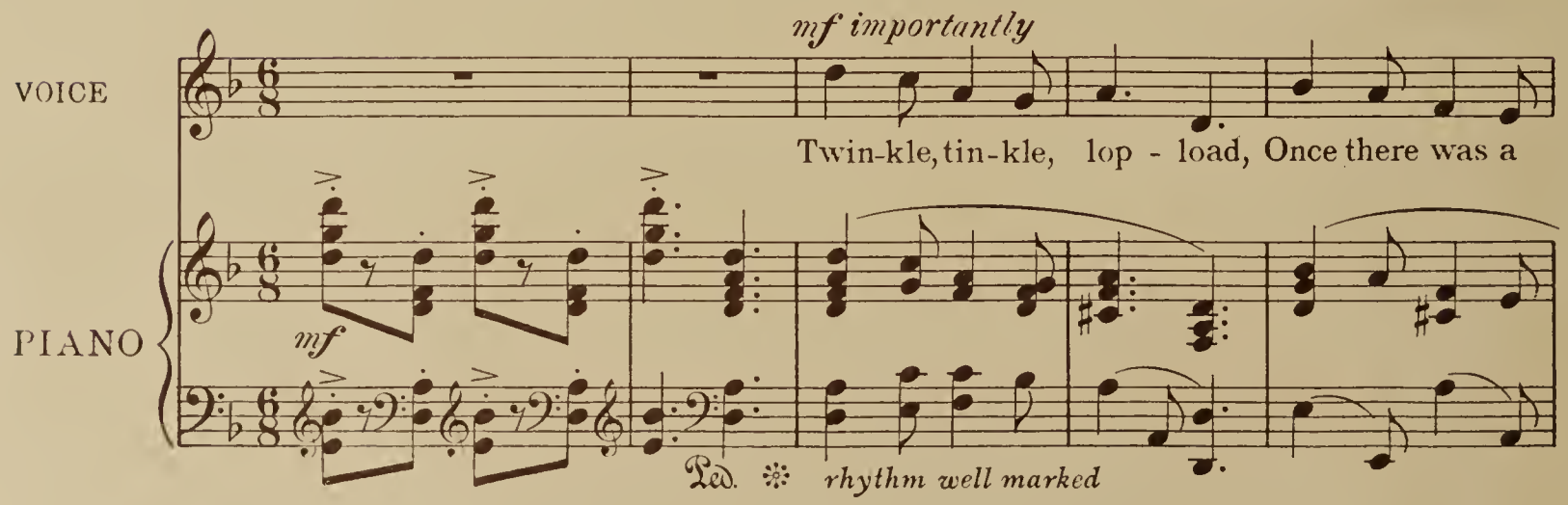
From "The Rhyming Ring," Rand, Mc Nally and Company.

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poco accel.

Hop - toad, And he'd hop a tree - top or a cas - tle in the

poco accel.

a tempo

air; And wrin - kle, win - kle, rop - road, Once this lit - tle Hop - toad

rall. molto

rall.

a tempo

rall. molto

scherzando

Hopp'd from way back yon - der to clear o - ver in - to there!

scherzando

pp mysteriously,

(And hush, I'll tell you some-thing if you prom - ise not to

pp

speak! *Oh! once he hopp'd from No-where to the mid - dle of Next Week.)*

sfz p

5-92-69341-29

Yet Piggy was friendly as friendly could be,
Though all he could manage to mutter to me
Was a comical syllable, one times three,
And this is the syllable: Quee! Quee! Quee!

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The Pig with the curly Q tail

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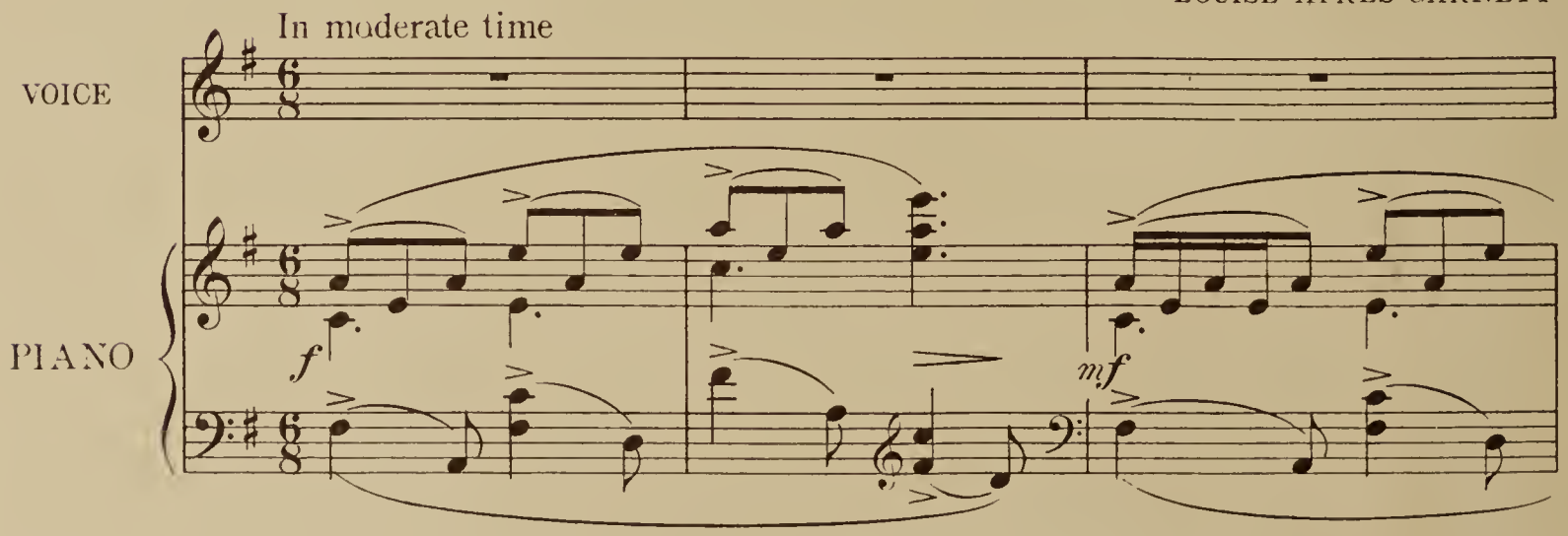
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mf

1. A plump lit - tle Pig with a ring in his nose Had_ ver - y scant trou - ble in count - ing his toes, And
2.This plump lit - tle Pig, though he could - n't say much, Was_ glad as the I - rish and wise as the Dutch. He

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he was so fond of good eat - ing he chose To ___
lived in a cross 'twixt a pen and a hutch, And ___

eat more and more till he lived in a doze. Yet
kept all his food in an ob - sti - nate clutch. The

Pig - gy was friend - ly as friend - ly could be, Though
Pig - gy was famed, and most sen - si - bly, too, *For*

all he could man - age to mut - ter to me Was a
tied in his tail was the cur - li - est Q That ___

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poco rall. rit. - - - -

com - i - cal syl - la - ble one times three, And
ev - er· on Pig or in Al - pha - bet grew. Now

poco rall. rit. - - - -

1. a tempo

this is the syl - la - ble, Quee, Quee, Quee. D.C.

a tempo D.C.

2. a tempo

aren't you pleased that I told this to you?

a tempo

Quee, Quee, Quee.

Quack! Quack! Quack!
And Rastus calls,

"I's got eatin's fo' yo' alls."
Quack! Quack! Quack!

Quacks

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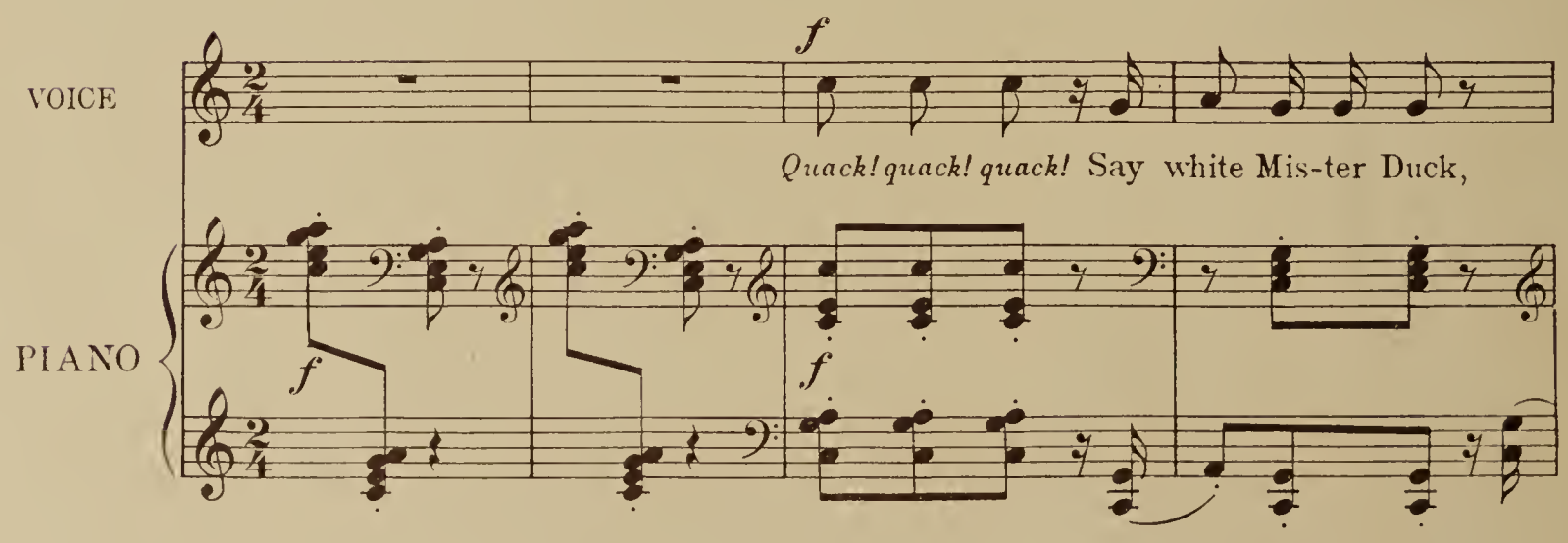
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P'lite Mis-sis Duck, Bright Ba-by Duck. *Quack!quack!quack!* And Ras-tus calls,

"I'se got eat - in's fo' yo' alls!" *Quack! quack! quack!* Come,

greed-y Mis-ter Duck, Need-y Mis-sis Duck, Speed-y Ba-by Duck.

Quack! quack! quack! And Ras-tus calls, "Ain't I pop' - lar wid yo' alls!"

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At this yer time the Bow-wow Tree
Is tryin' to turn white,

An' all them leetle Puppy-buds
Is workin' day an' night.

The Bow-wow Tree

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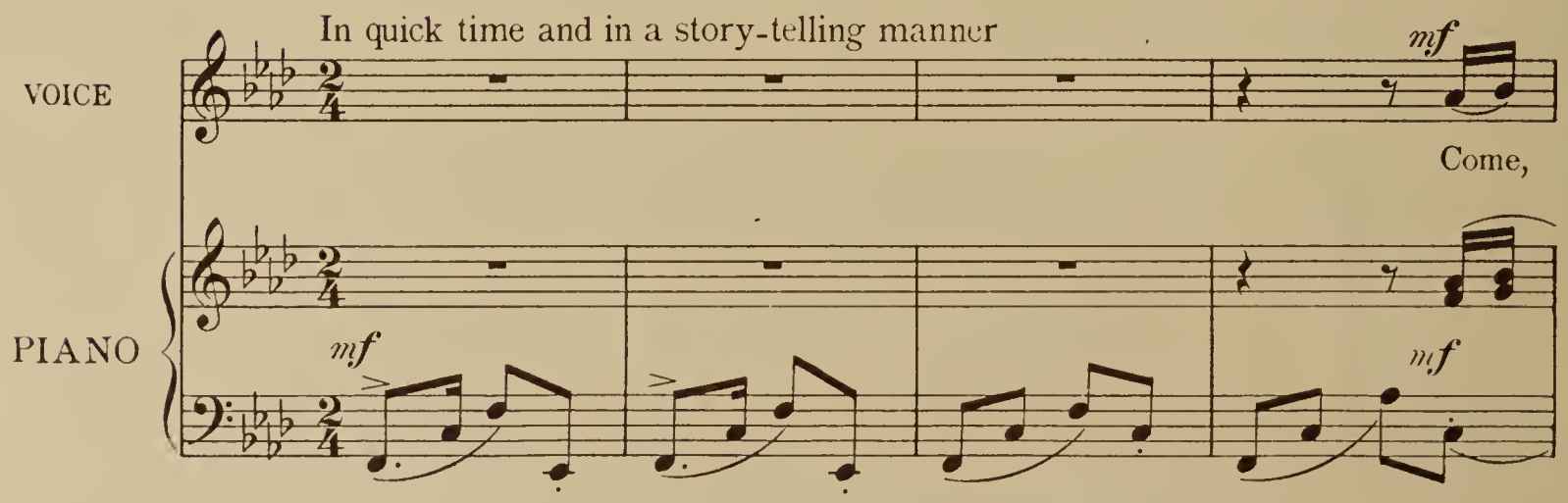

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hon - ey, jes' yo' hark to me, I'll larn yo' sum - pin' new.

Ole Ras - tus stud - ies Na - tur,' chile, An'

knows a thing er two. At

5 - 92 - 69341 - 29

this yer time the Bow-wow tree Is try - in' to turn white,

An' all them lee - tle Pup - py-buds Is

work - in' day an' night, An'

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when they's grow'd they's Dog-wood flow'rs, An', hon - ey, ef yo'

hark, Yo'll shore-ly ketch that Bow-wow tree A -

show-in' off its bark.

Ped. *

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I sympathize with birds — don't you? —
That people broil and roast.

It seems a shame a little Quail
Can't taste itself on toast.

Sympathy

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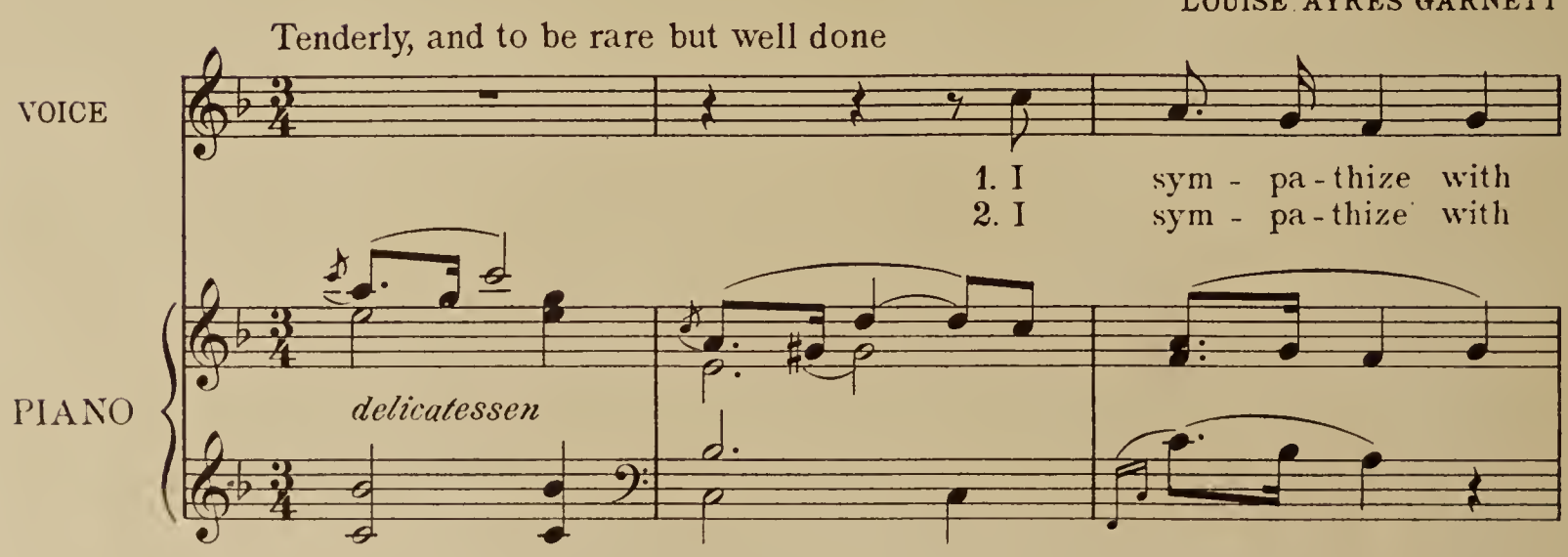

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beasts— don't you?— Whose lives the butch - ers steal. I
birds— don't you?— That peo - ple broil and roast. It

much re - gret the play - ful calf. Can't taste it - self,
seems a shame a lit - tle quail. Can't taste it - self,

Can't taste it - self as veal.—
Can't taste it - self on toast.—

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And then he hopped along the ground,
And waltzed himself around and 'round.

I'm sure of one thing (so are you),
He was a boastful Kangaroo!

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The Boastful Kangaroo

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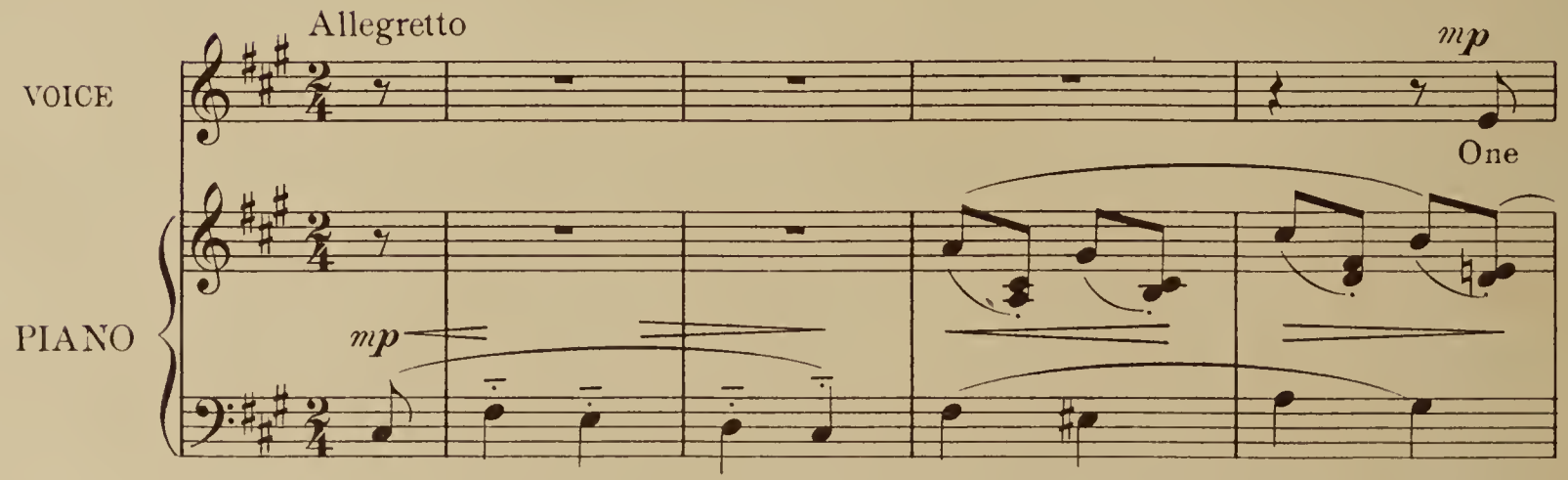
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time there was a Kan - ga - roo, Pos - sess'd of lots of

legato

an - ger, too, Be - cause he'd heard that in the zoo Were

quasi Recit.

fin - er Kan - ga - roos. Said he, "The state - ment

sfz

is ab - surd; There nev - er was a beast or bird So

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allarg.

fine as I, and he has err'd Who spread such i - dle news."

allarg.

Tempo di Valse

langu-

And then he hopp'd a - long the ground, And

lightly

rously

waltz'd him - self a - round and 'round. I'm

colla voce

a tempo

sure of one thing— so are you—

a tempo

rit. - - -

He was a boast - - ful Kan - - ga -

rit.

roo,— Kan - ga - roo.—

a tempo

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I've watched the Doctor in the rain,
The water wets his back,

And sops his feet, though Father says
He's sure he is a Quack.

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Observations

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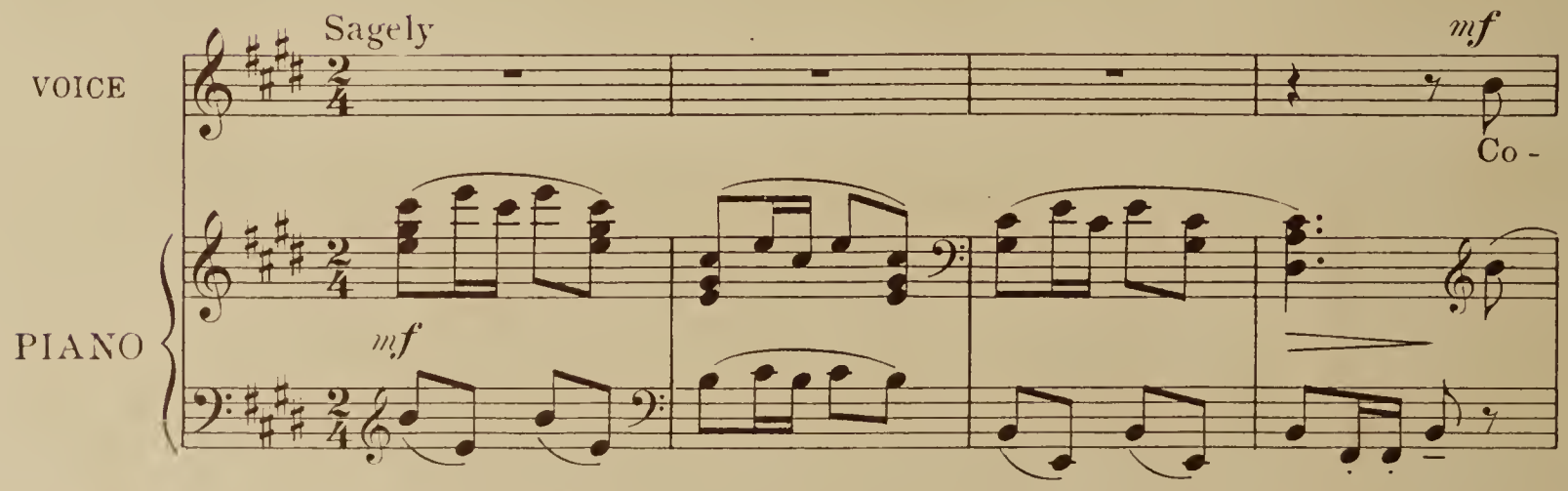
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coons are lit - tle dar - ky bugs With in - sides made of threads, And

they're the ones that spin the wool For Pick - a - nin-nies' heads, For

Pick - a - nin-nies' heads. I've watch'd the Doc - tor in the rain; The

wa - ter wets his back And sops his feet, yet Fa - ther says, He's

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sure he is a Quack, He's sure he is a Quack.

To wear a pair of Gar-ter-Snakes Would make me ill at

ease. Per - haps they were cre - at - ed For the Ab - o - ri - gi -

knees, The Ab - o - ri - gi - *knees.*

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